
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1818.

ELIZABETH, COUNTESS of ALBEMARLE.

THERE is nothing more gratifying than the contemplation of rank and beauty, when, divested of adventitious circumstances, and adorned with every virtue and accomplishment, they seek the good of others; and, in a retired and unobtrusive life, devote themselves to acts of beneficence and charity;—their conduct adds lustre to their station, and their example influences where precept might have failed;—they command the respect, and obtain the regard of their inferiors; and conduce to the welfare, both temporal and eternal, of those who are so fortunate as to fall within the sphere of their notice. It is on this account, that we dwell with more than ordinary satisfaction on the distinguished personage, whose Portrait graces our present Number, and whose most lamented and unexpected decease, connected, as it is supposed to have been, with the afflicting catastrophe of her late illustrious friend, her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, has produced the brief, but interesting Memoir which we now present to the public, for the authenticity of which, in every particular, we can vouch.

It was our intention, in a former Number, to have fol-

lowed up the Memoir of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, with that which now forms the melancholy subject of our observations; but a little reflection soon convinced us, that a pause was necessary, that it was due to the distressed and wounded feelings of that sex to whose attention we chiefly address ourselves, after the mournful detail we had just given, describing the last moments of that illustrious personage, to suspend our notification of any similar event, which, however it might gratify an ill-timed curiosity, could, in our opinion, have the effect not only of inducing a well merited stigma upon our own want of taste and right feeling, but must necessarily inflict an unseasonable pang upon that portion of our readers whose instruction and amusement it is not only our highest gratification, but our principal purpose to promote and increase.

Independent of these motives, we had an additional inducement for our forbearance in this respect, from the circumstance of the early knowledge which the public received, through some unknown channel*, of the close intimacy and confidential friendship that subsisted for many years between those two distinguished personages, and it would have been, as we think, but as the announcement of another and similar stroke of divine Providence in one and the same family, had we immediately given what we may justly call a second edition of woes and recitals, which, even at this distance of time, we unaffectedly declare, we feel considerable pain in detailing.

We trust, however, that in now presuming to give the following account of a personage, who, in all the general outlines of character, so nearly resembled that of the illustrious Princess, whose irreparable loss we shall long have cause to deplore, we shall be acquitted of that imputation of which other periodicals have been but too justly accused

* This letter, it is supposed, must either have been copied by one of his lordship's domestics, or a rough draught found by one of the Princess's household.

of catering for the public curiosity at the expence of private feeling, and that we have done no more than our fair and impartial duty in laying hold of the present moment, when the best affections of our nature are, from the soft impression of former circumstances, in precisely that state when we can naturally and gently stir the sources of sorrow without letting loose the floods of lamentation, when we can just sketch the outline of an amiable and highly accomplished parent in the most interesting situation wherein the power of Omnipotence hath ever placed a human being, without tearing open those wounds over which the shadowy hand of time, and the uninterrupted succession of extraordinary incidents which are hourly occurring in this great country, have contributed their mingled force to heal and reunite.

The late Countess of Albemarle was the daughter of Edward Southwell, Baron De Clifford of Westmoreland and Vesey, (who died in 1777) by Sophia, third daughter of Samuel Campbell, Esq. of Mount Campbell, in the county of Leitrim, in Ireland. The late Lord De Clifford had nine children by the present Dowager Lady De Clifford; there were five daughters and four sons. Lady Albemarle was the youngest daughter but one. She also was the last remaining daughter of that large family; and should the present Lord De Clifford die without issue, the barony, which is within a few years of being the oldest in the British Peerage (the creation being in the 23d year of Edward I. 1295) will be in abeyance.

In the year 1792, Lady Albemarle, then the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Southwell, was married to the present Lord. It was entirely a match of mutual liking and affection. Where the family was so numerous, the fortune of any one of the younger children was not likely to be very large; but Miss Southwell was, as we learn from those who had the honour of knowing her then, eminently beautiful and accomplished; indeed, after having been the mother of fifteen children, and inheriting a peculiarly nervous system, she was a remarkably fine woman; independent of this, she

possessed a dignity of mein and manner, which, however much the result of the elevated circle in which she always moved, was still peculiar to herself; and flowed, no doubt, from the rare union of those endowments of mind and body with which she was so eminently gifted.

Generally speaking, it is a very difficult task to give any idea of female beauty; the most accurate delineation of feature is utterly insufficient to express it. We are led to this observation from a lively recollection of that feature in the subject of our present memoir, which poets and painters have at all times taken the greatest pains to give force and expression to. There was in the eye of Lady Albemarle, a combination of so much intelligence, softness, and spirit, and her sudden glances particularly, gave so much expression, as completely to defy the power of the most delicate pencil; but this, even in the faint and imperfect sketch which we draw, is of minor consequence; for although we follow in the track of the first biographers and historians, we have always held, that those superiorities which we derive solely from the great Author of our being are such as we can claim no merit for possessing; and however much, in such respects as these, we may excel and surpass other human beings, they are inheritances for which the possessor should seek for no eulogy; being providential inheritances, in the acquisition of which her own industry, or power of cultivation, had nothing whatever to do; but dignity of mein, or manner, is not only a creature of the human mind, but it is, with few exceptions, the result of deep intellectual feeling, and springs from sources of the highest origin. The kind, gracious, condescending smile, which greets the honest vulgar worth and merit of persons in the inferior ranks of life; the look which cheers the heart, and almost compensates the labour which elicits it; that commanding air of indignity which repulses and flings back the rude and impertinent; the lofty and majestic countenance, which, without the aid of words, and by a single glance, abashes the fashionable and titled profligate;—these are real en-

dowments which honour the possessor, and stamp her with the seal of true nobility of mind!—such was that of the late lamented Countess of Albemarle!

As a country life seemed to suit the dispositions both of Lord and Lady Albemarle, they have chiefly lived at their seat in Norfolk, in the centre of their tenantry, and in the society of some old friends and connexions, whom a mutuality of feeling, both on political and other subjects, and a similarity in the general habits of life, had long endeared to each other.

Lord Albemarle's political opinions, and the undeviating rectitude and consistency of his public conduct, are too well known to be mentioned here, and have not much, perhaps, to do with our present subject; but his lordship's other pursuits are of a different class, and are, we think, naturally allied to the train of reflections which flow from the view we have taken of our subject, and which will be more fully illustrated before we finally take leave of it. He has long been an eminent agriculturalist; and by his powerful example in this respect, as well as by his gracious and conciliating manners, has not only cheered and encouraged his own tenantry, but pursued his researches in the practise, as well as theory, of farming, to such an extent, as to be, in a great measure, in conjunction with his old friend and neighbour Mr. Coke, of Holkham, the arbiter of opinion on this important subject to the most numerous and enlightened class of yeomanry in the kingdom. His house is the general resort of those who, in his knowledge and experience, seek for advice and information on all questions connected with rural economy; or who, in his benevolence as a man, look for support and assistance; and while this eminent example is held out both to the hopes and industry of the middling, and to the enterprising energies of the more opulent farmer, under his own roof the same system of mildness and benevolence is practised; where the united influence of the most regular and orderly habits is connected with an exact observance

of all the religious duties. The late Countess of Albemarle, on her part, exerted herself to extend the moral and religious effects of education through the lower orders of persons in her neighbourhood; and every Sunday morning, were to be seen groups of little girls, from the age of five and six, to fifteen and sixteen years, all cleanly dressed, with their prayer and other books of instruction, going to her ladyship's room, where they went through an examination of their proficiency in reading and writing; the capacities of each were appreciated, and suitably treated; little prizes and rewards were judiciously awarded, to stimulate their industry, and recompence their attention. Frequently, and whenever her health permitted her, she went round herself, and sought out the poorest and most distressed persons in the parish, whose particular wants were immediately relieved, by money, suitable medicines, cloathing, or such other assistance as their necessities required. We could particularize numerous acts of her humanity and benevolence, but it was the constant practice of her life; and surely the detail would be unnecessary. Thus were both these noble persons continually occupied; each in their particular and appropriate sphere; promoting the best interests of society, by evincing in their own conduct, and encouraging in that of others, their perfect confidence in, and conviction of, those sublime principles of the Christian religion which all experience demonstrates to be the only true and unerring source of good conduct in this, and the strongest foundation of our best hopes in another world.

But we are compelled reluctantly to hasten to that scene which was to deprive her numerous family and all who were blessed and benefitted by her illustrious example of their most excellent and accomplished guide and patroness; and here we are irresistibly led to remark, that but a very short experience in this life convinces us, that, for reasons wholly inscrutable by us, and best known to that mighty Providence which guides and governs all things. The in-

struments which appear to our dim and erring eyes to be, in the hands of that Providence, the fittest agents for the accomplishment of his divine purposes, the persons, whose glorious outset and career in life seemed to mark them out as the fittest for the completion of his designs, are suddenly removed from this scene and circle of good works; or, if not removed by the sudden dispensation of his power, we not unfrequently witness inflictions of the most trying nature, trials, which call for all the aids which philosophy and religion can bring to our assistance, to strengthen and support us in the hour of extremity.

It was just at the period, when the late countess was recovering from the effects of one of those sudden and severe strokes, the particulars of which we shall not harrass our readers with; and to soften the anguish which flowed from that disastrous accident in her family, that their old friend and neighbour Mr. Coke had formed a party to meet Lord and Lady Albemarle at Holkham, in the beginning of the month of November last; they were accompanied by their daughter Lady Sophia Keppel, and all set out in apparent good health.

Her ladyship was then in the fourth month of her pregnancy; they arrived at Holkham on Tuesday the 11th.—Those who have had the honour and happiness of being inmates of that noble mansion, know the truly hospitable and magnificent style in which the worthy descendant of the great Lord Coke receives his visitors; all was cheerfulness and happiness until Friday the 14th, when about three o'clock in the morning, Lady Albemarle was suddenly seized with labour-pains, and very soon afterwards miscarried;—the consequences baffled all the powers of art—vain was every attention and exertion which human skill could devise—every moment she became weaker and weaker, and although this gradual extinction of the powers of life was happily not accompanied with much bodily suffering, yet life ebbed away; and about nine in the evening she expired, her hands locked in those of her agonized husband; whilst, with the last words trembling upon her

lips, she called upon her God to shower his blessings upon him and her children*.

Her mind remained firm and composed to the last, and having been in the full possession of her understanding to the moment of her dissolution, she felt, in all its bitterness, the pangs of separation from him, whom for near five and twenty years, she had scarcely left for one whole week, and from a family of eleven surviving children; this last trial, she suffered, notwithstanding, with the calmness and fortitude of a true Christian.

It has been said that the afflicting catastrophe of her illustrious friend, her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, struck forcibly upon her mind, and perhaps tended to accelerate that dissolution, which but for this, and the train of nervous accompaniments which are in its suite, might possibly have been prevented, or at least greatly retarded. We cannot answer for the correctness of this observation; that it might have had the effect of quickening and increasing those alarming symptoms, we entertain but little doubt; but we know from good authority, that independent of any adventitious mischief which this might have been the occasion of, the attack was too overbearing to be resisted by any means which the medical art has as yet devised, under the circumstances which caused her ladyship's lamented death.

In a former part of this memoir, we took the liberty of introducing a few remarks upon the general habits of life

* Every circumstance of this melancholy event reminds us of the last moments of the lamented Princess; she fixed her eyes upon Prince Leopold, in whom alone her wishes and affections seemed to centre; he was "all in all" to her; and his presence soothed her to the last. In many other respects also, her ladyship greatly resembled the departed Princess in the benevolence of her character. These acts are similar to those recorded of the Princess, who sought out objects of charity in Claremont, gave bibles, and money and medicine to those who were in want.

and manners of the noble earl himself, which, to a mere superficial reader, would appear very irrelevant; conceiving that they were naturally allied to the train of reflections we were then making; and the important inferences which we cannot but draw from the whole of the subject, are, in our opinion, that the source of all substantial security in this country, the vital spring of government itself, is—the *moral principle* which pervades the public, and determines the preponderancy of feeling and opinion as to laws, measures, and men. There is, we are convinced, no repose upon the couch of preferment, no dignity in the staff of office, no terror on the seat of justice, no sanctity in the crozier, and no majesty in the diadem, unless opinion, moral and religious opinion, administer to them its conscious and gratuitous respect.—Every day, and all the day long, a mighty court of moral inquest upon high and distinguished characters may be said to be sitting on the great floor of the nation; by the new system of universal education, by the publicity given to every movement of those in high rank and station amongst us, by the quick circulation of family occurrences, by those arts of discovery to which no privacy is inaccessible, every great, every titled, every public man is brought before the tribunal of the multitude, and actually and morally put upon the country. We have, in aid of this great inquest, and with the view to public example, associated the noble earl with our subject, we have presumed to enter into his hall, and to bring him too before the forum of the country, to hold him forth as an illustrious precedent to other persons of elevated rank and fortune; to teach them the value of a good, sterling, honest character; to prove to them that whatever may be the differences of political opinion, however sharply wars and contests may be waged amongst contending parties, the good father, the affectionate husband, the benevolent friend, the considerate landlord, the spirited agriculturalist, the amiable, moral, and religious master, that these are after all, the great pedestals of unfading reputation amidst all descriptions of men; the original unsophisticated traits of character, to which every class pays its homage, and

bows with unfeigned respect and attention. One remarkable proof of this may be traced in the additional circumstance connected with the history of our present memoir, and which we give as a fact that may be relied upon.

The remains of the late countess were not removed from Mr. Coke's until Sunday the 23d. when the body was conveyed to the family vault, near his lordship's seat at Quid-denham. A multitude of persons of all ranks, from different parts of the country, attended the funeral on Monday the 29th, and joined themselves with his lordship's tenantry and friends, as a mark of their high respect for the virtues of the deceased, as well as to offer to his lordship a tribute of their sincere sympathy and sorrow for the irreparable loss he had sustained;—and it is no exaggeration of the fact to assert, that perhaps there never were assembled together so many persons, where the best affections of our nature, the natural instinctive feelings arising from an unmixed sense of what real genuine worth is able almost to extort from us, were more universally or powerfully called forth than on that melancholy occasion.

We here close this article; conscious, as we acknowledge ourselves to be, of the inadequacy of our feeble attempt to give any thing like a faithful portraiture of the personage, the general outlines only of whose character, we have thus rudely pencilled; yet in our experience of mankind, we have had too many good reasons for bearing testimony to the reality of public sympathy not to be assured, that one plea at least can with truth be offered, to which British sensibility, is peculiarly alive,—and that is, that in the overpowered feelings which he who attempts this melancholy tribute brings to his work, in the painful recollections which, at every sentence he has penned, rise up to cramp the range of his mind, to fill his heart with sorrow, and his eyes with tears, if, in this unsuited and incapable state, he propitiates public indulgence, he may securely rest upon those pleadings, to which, if we examine our own bosoms, we must assent; nothing but fancy, and not feeling, could put into the mouth of the poet these words—

“He best can paint them who shall feel them most.”

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 133.)

I RETURNED early the next day to Gonzale's: I carried him one of my landscapes, which I had the satisfaction of placing in his parlour between two of Donna Bianca's pictures. I immediately commenced my lessons with all imaginable zeal; and filled the place of Donna Bianca! Gonzale's conversation was my recompence; for he spoke of Placidia with adoration. On hearing this name of the secret choice of her heart pronounced, I always felt fresh pleasure. How much it attached me to mine! How proud I was to be called Placid! What fresh and affecting details I collected from the good old man! He told me, that Placidia had passed the first month of her widowhood in this retreat: her sorrow, continued he, was silent, but severe. I was ill for eight days; and, during the time, she was solely employed in praying to God, taking care of me, and giving lessons to Thérésa; these were her consolations: And do you believe, resumed I, that she is now happy?—Who better deserves to be so? answered the old man. Yet I know, that for some months, a secret sorrow has preyed upon her. She is equally good and gentle; but is thoughtful, absent, and preoccupied. Formerly, after having given lessons to Thérésa, she walked with us into the forest, or the garden; and took delight in cultivating flowers; but for the last four or five months, there has been a visible al-

teration in her behaviour; it seems as if she had no other pleasure than that of singing a pious ode, which she has set to music! Her enthusiasm for the words of this ode is really astonishing; and often occasions her to shed tears. Thérésa one day asked her for this ode with the music. No, said she, I am jealous of it; and wish that no one should sing it but myself; this is my only failing; for I believe that I alone can sing it with the expression that ought to be given to it. It is easy to judge of the impression these words made on my heart: they inflamed to the utmost a passion which, from the first, had been impetuous, and ungovernable. My imagination was bewildered with a crowd of incoherent projects, which I took care not to communicate to Don Pedro; I feared his austere principles; and could only listen to and consult my passions. I thought that Donna Bianca's sentiments justified my madness; and authorised my forming the most extravagant enterprizes. These ideas were still vague; I was ignorant of the difficulties I had to encounter; and could not form any fixed, or positive plan; I was solely determined to try every expedient to engage Donna Bianca to go with me to some distant solitude. I could only consider the affection she had for me; and from this I expected to accomplish what I so ardently desired.

I went every day to Gonzale's: after I had given my lessons to Thérésa, we walked into the garden. I remained whole hours in the parterre, the flowers of which had been planted by the hand of Donna Bianca. The most charming of all shrubs was seen to rise in the midst of a large flower-pot with this inscription—*Placidia's Rose Tree*. What pleasure I found in cultivating this tree! how enchanting was the perfume of these roses! Thérésa did not fail to acquaint her benefactress that young Theophilus, an inhabitant of the valley of the Battuécas, supplied her place for lessons of music and drawing. Donna Bianca, though surprised that chance should have occasioned this retreat to be discovered, had no difficulty in divining who this Battuécas was, and that the same reason which deter

mined her to take the name of Placidia, made me choose that of Theophilus. Her answer, the true meaning of which could be understood by no one but myself, was communicated to me, and contained not a word which was not deeply imprinted on my heart! I was so perturbed, after having read this letter, that I hastened to quit Gonzale's house, and, contrary to my usual custom, before the close of the day. I stopt in the myrtle wood, to reflect at liberty on my situation and plans. Yes, said I, this mutual passion has fixed our destiny! I love, and am beloved; and to her alone I owe fidelity. I know that she is a slave to the customs of civilized life, which I discover to be arbitrary and tyrannical; and which I detest, since they form a barrier between her and me. I will free her from these abhorred chains. Oh! that I could but find in this vast universe, of which I know but one imperceptible point, one uninhabited place, one profound solitude, like the valley! with what rapture would I renounce the bright reward of fame, which, for a moment, seduced my imagination! What want have I of praise which would not add to the value that Donna Bianca affixes to my talents.

My mind was so completely occupied with these thoughts, that it increased my ardour for the study of geography; but I sought for nothing upon the map but unknown lands and desert islands; there I would have conducted her for whom alone I wished to live.

Notwithstanding my determination of hiding my projects from Don Pedro, I was so little master of dissimulation, that it was not difficult for him to remark my increased agitation; and every day, when I returned from Gonzale's, he came to my chamber; and, to avoid his enquiries, I resolved to go and pass the evenings in his saloon. Besides his own family, I always found company there; among others, Don Pedro's kinswoman, who was past her prime, but still strikingly beautiful: there was something singular and affected in her manners, which astonished, but did not please me; but she always paid me so much attention, that I thought it my duty to be grateful. She invited me to her

house, and I accepted the invitation. The next morning, I asked Don Pedro for her address, which I could not recollect. Don Pedro smiled; and then assuming a grave look, No, Placid, said he, you must not go to such a person's.—What is the reason?—Because she is a very dangerous woman.—And yet received by you!—My age and experience protect me from her artifices.—And why should I fear them?—Do you not see that she has a design upon you?—What design?—That of corrupting you, and making you passionately fond of her.—Do you think so? a woman thirty-six years of age, a married woman, the mother of a family, and who lives happily with her husband! a woman whose conversation is unexceptionable, who seems so virtuous, and whom you admit into your family! Ah! Don Pedro, do you judge in this manner? You who are so devout! Can you imagine any one capable of such detestable hypocrisy, so strangely depraved? Ah! how you astonish and afflict me!—I paused; I was so irritated against Don Pedro, that I was afraid of giving way to my feelings. After a moment's silence, he said—Though we behold objects in a different light, we are both right; you will blame me, and I must caution you. Doubtless we ought not to judge ill of others without positive proofs. I have none against this woman, therefore I receive her. Nothing has transpired to injure her reputation, and the world tolerates her: this is all that humanity, reason, and even religion can require. But she is not esteemed; because there is every proof of bad conduct. To collect these kind of proofs, you must be accustomed to the world; and comprehend what at present you have no idea of: were I to detail their laws to you, you would not understand them. I do conscientiously believe, that the character and morals of this woman are dangerous; and therefore it was my duty secretly to forewarn a friend of it, a candid and credulous young man, and to prevent his forming a connexion which, in my opinion, would be imprudent and reprehensible.—How! cried I, is it possible, that this woman, who loves her husband, and adores her children, who

speaks with such propriety of her duty and virtue, can be despicable!—If you had lived in society from your birth, you would see, young as you are, that she loves neither her husband, nor her children; her decency would appear but prudery, often awkwardly introduced; and her dissertations on sentiment and virtue only ridiculous affectation.—And yet you treat her with respect and friendship! —Not with friendship; but some respect is due to every woman who is admitted into society, and especially those that visit at one's house.—O! how different is this world from what I thought! What hypocrisy is concealed under a specious exterior! What deceit is practised under the appearance of politeness!—To you, my dear Placid, but not to practised eyes; such eyes do not take common civility for friendship, nor the established forms of respect for real consideration and esteem. In short, you wish for forbearance, and at the same time a blunt sincerity, which are incompatible; believe me, when the world is thoroughly understood, we find that every thing has been well settled for the decency, comfort, good order, and peace, of society. Almost all the laws and established usages of what is called good company, are calculated with so much finesse and delicacy, that it is impossible, when we reflect upon them, not to admire the sense, judgment, and principles, which dictated them.

Notwithstanding these reflections, I was misanthropic, and irreconcilable to the world, especially as it could not approve of my projects, and my love.

Still the time slid away; I had passed the period fixed for my return to the valley; had been in Madrid more than seven months; and Donna Bianca was to return in six weeks. Determined to prevent her return by going to meet her, I waited, to put this design into execution, till Don Pedro should go on a short excursion that he had some time intended to make. It is extraordinary, that, on the point of executing so senseless a project, so contrary to my vows and principles, I felt not the least remorse; my conscience had severely accused me; but now, most unaccountably, it

had lost its effect, and no longer disturbed me; because my passion was at its height, had the entire controul of my reason, and was solely occupied by the means of its own gratification.

One morning, while alone in my chamber, I was informed that a priest of the valley of the Battuécas, requested to speak to me. These words gave a sudden revulsion to my ideas, and I stood as if thunder-struck! My conscience, lulled into a deep sleep, suddenly awoke with horror! I thought he was come to claim the fulfilment of my engagement, not only betrayed, but forgotten! I felt guilty, and at once without excuse and courage, and fell into a state of despondency! Pale and trembling, I supported myself on a table—My door opens, a priest appears, holding a letter from father Isidore—He advances; presents the letter, the superscription of which is in a well-known hand, and which I receive trembling—my trembling hand breaks the seal—But what were my feelings, when, on running over this letter, at first with terror, and afterwards with eager curiosity, I read what follows—

(To be continued.)

LOVE.

WHEN love is nothing but a sensation, inspired by carnal circumstances, by tender glances, or insinuating attentions, it is but transient in its duration, and leaves but faint traces in the imagination when time shall have matured the judgment. When the same sort of emotion is but the effect of sensuality, or gratified vanity, it not only fades from the mind, but is quickly succeeded by indifference, if not disgust; but when the heart is filled with an impression of love and esteem in early youth, which “grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength,” it resists the storm of the passions, and becomes a part of the existence of each; it is then a sacred fire, which continually feeds itself, and which can only be extinguished by death.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAME DACIER.

No man has rendered more service to French literature than Madame Dacier. She had first the boldness to undertake the noble and arduous task of transferring into the French language the beauties of the prince of poets. They are indebted to her for the first translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, Anacreon, the works of Sappho, those of Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, and Callimachus.

Anne Lefèvre Dacier, born at Saumur in 1651, was daughter of Maria Olivier and Tayneguy Lefèvre, professor of les Belles Lettres. Lefèvre applied himself with care to the education of his son, but thought little of that of his daughter. One day, he asked young Lefèvre a question in the presence of his sister, which embarrassed him; Miss Lefèvre, then eleven years of age, dictated to her brother, quite in a low voice, the answer that he should make. The professor, as much flattered as surprised at the knowledge of his daughter, determined to develop the propensities that she shewed for the sciences. He at first made her study Latin; she improved very fast; and afterwards studied Greek. She laboured night and day for eight years, and acquired a perfect knowledge of the genius of Anacreon, Callimachus, Homer, Sophocles, and Euripides. The study of the Italian language agreeably relieved her from the painful study of the Greek.

One of Lefèvre's pupils, named Dacier, a native of Castres, in high Languedoc, merited the esteem of the celebrated professor and the affection of his daughter. The young Dacier and Miss Lefèvre both followed the reformed

religion. Their birth, their fortune, and their tastes, were alike. Charles Louis, elector palatine, called Lefèvre to Heidelberg, in 1673, to preside at the university. His daughter was preparing to accompany him in this journey, when a violent disorder terminated the career of Lefèvre.

Madame Dacier then went to reside at Paris; she there published a translation of the poems of Callimachus, and dedicated it to M. Huet, bishop of Avranches, sub-preceptor to the dauphin. At the solicitation of the Duke of Montausier, governor of the same prince, Madame Dacier translated Eutropus and Florus. Her fame soon spread into all Europe. Christina, queen of Sweden, entered into a correspondence with Madame Dacier, and pressed her to embrace the Catholic religion, and to go and display her talents at her court. The ambition of greatness and wealth was unable to subdue her principles, and her love of her country. Madame Dacier remained in France; she enriched literature successively with the translation of several Latin poets, and a translation of Anacreon. The rigid Boileau bestowed on this last work the most flattering praise. In 1684, Madame Dacier was received at the academy of Ricovrati, of Padua, she went afterwards to Castres with her husband, where both abjured the reformed religion. Returned to Paris, they had the honour of being presented to the king. M. de Harlay, first president of the Paris parliament, lent them his country-house at Ménil-Montant. He went twice a week to enjoy with them the charms of friendship and the pleasures attached to letters. In this tranquil and delightful sojourn, Madame Dacier made an excellent translation of Terence, and translated with her husband the reflections of the emperor Marcus Aurelius. This work appeared in 1691, under the auspices of M. de Montausier.

Whilst Madame Dacier ornamented her brow with the brilliant palm of letters, her heart had to support the most terrible disappointments; she saw her son expire at ten years of age, of whom she already conceived the most flattering hopes. Still the mother of two daughters, she lost

one at eighteen years of age, and the other entered as a nun at the abbey of Longchamp. Her misfortunes detached her not from study. Without consoling her, Homer assuaged them, and her maternal affection raised a monument to her daughter in the preface of the *Iliad*, a translation of which she published in 1711, and to which succeeded the *Odyssey*.

Madame Dacier united the virtues of the soul to the qualities of the mind. She constantly shewed an admirable courage, a firmness proof against every thing, an unalterable goodness, and an ardent charity. Her modesty equalled her talents; she was pleased to conceal her superiority over other women; she liked to merit praise, but not to receive it.

The custom of the learned of the North is to visit in their travels all persons of distinguished talent, and to pray them to inscribe their name, accompanied with a sentence, in a book called an *album**. A German begged Madame Dacier to inscribe her name in an *album* which contained the names of the most celebrated men in Europe. Madame Dacier at first refused to satisfy him, and being no longer able to resist his entreaties, she wrote a verse from Sophocles by the side of her name, which means—

Silence most becomes a woman.

Madame Dacier would never engage in quarrels concerning religion; and, being pressed to do it, answered, "That it did not at all belong to women to meddle with such great affairs; that they ought to be contented with sighing and praying to God that he would enlighten those who were to appease these broils by their decisions." She would not continue to translate, as she was requested, some books of Holy Writ, and said, "That a woman ought to read the Scriptures, and meditate upon them well, to regulate her conduct by them, and observe the silence imposed on her by St. Paul."

* There are *albums* now in use in some ancient families in this kingdom. The writer has seen one, with many elegant inscriptions, at the seat of Sir William Jerningham, (now Sir Robert, he believes) at Costessey, in Norfolk.

■ Madame Dacier, an object of the esteem of the greatest literary characters of her age, was rather to blame in maintaining with too much warmth, against La Motte, the superiority of the ancient over the modern writers; but the cause she defended proves her taste and the solidity of her understanding. Our greatest writers have always partaken of her enthusiasm.

A paralysis, which afflicted her for three months, suspended her labours, and put an end to her life the 17th August, 1720, in the sixty-eighth year of her age. In her last moments, she exacted a promise that the church should not be hung with black at the time of her funeral, saying, that "The day in which the soul of one of the faithful went to receive the eternal palm from the hands of the divine Creator must be a day of triumph to the Church, and not a day of mourning." Her remains were deposited in St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

It is recorded to the honour of the famous Duke of Orleans, who was regent of France during the minority of Louis XV. that when a gentleman was hired to murder him, and he by his spies procured intelligence of it, instead of endeavouring to defeat the design, he gave orders that the man should be admitted to him. Accordingly, he was suffered to pass into the duke's bed-chamber one morning early, on pretence of business from the queen. As soon as the duke cast his eyes on him, he spoke thus—"I know thy business, friend; thou art sent to take away my life. What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my power with a word to have thee cut in pieces before my face. But I pardon thee; go thy way, and see my face no more." The gentleman, stung with his own guilt, and astonished at the excellent nature of this prince, fell on his knees, confessed his design, and who employed him; but fearing to tarry in France, he entered into the service of the Spanish king.

PICK AND CHOOSE;
A TALE FOR BACHELORS.

(Continued from page 143.)

On the following morning, I made it my first care to call on the gentleman whose recommendation had secured me the situation desired. I found that my impatience accorded but little with town hours, for he had not yet risen; but upon the servant's taking up my name, and an intimation of the business which brought me so early to his house, he very civilly sent down a message, purporting, that he had prepared Mr. Markham for my reception, which the servant delivered to me, with the address of the latter, and I accordingly found myself under the necessity of repairing alone to the house of my employer, an undertaking formidable enough for an inexperienced and timid youth of seventeen. When I reached the ——— Library, in ——— Street, I found only a boy, who was sweeping out the shop, and when I enquired for his master, eyed me in a rude, leering sort of way, and abruptly asked my business. I desired him to inform Mr. Markham, that I was the person recommended by his friend Mr. Wilson, and that I had just arrived from Yorkshire. "Oh! then you be the young parson I thoft," replied the lad with an encouraging grin; "I dares to say master has done breakfast by this time, so you may just step into the counting-house, and I will call him down. In a short time, Mr. Markham made his appearance; he was a respectable looking man, apparently about forty years of age, and of a cheerful aspect. He received me with much kindness, and enquired if I had breakfasted, and on my replying in the negative, led me into a well-furnished, but small and dark room on the first

floor, where I partook with him a comfortable cup of chocolate. During this repast, I perceived that he eyed me attentively, and at times with something like a smile in his countenance. "Have you any acquaintances in town?" was his first question. I replied, that I had not; and added, that I should be very shy of forming any, as my worthy preceptor had taken particular care to caution me on that head, and had, in fact, rather alarmed me by the picture he had drawn of the society to be found in London." "His motive was a good one, no doubt," replied Mr. Markham, "but we must make allowances for country prejudices; and I must acknowledge, I am no advocate for that sheepishness which keeps a fellow always in the back ground; for my own part, I have always found those youngsters who were most timid and apprehensive at first, turn out the most shamelessly impudent at the last. Nothing is to be done in this town without a little modest assurance. I have a wife and two daughters, to whom I will introduce you presently; and as, in our line of business, a great deal depends upon appearance and address, you must not feel hurt, if they take upon themselves to new model you; I dare say, you will be tolerable enough when we have *rubbed off the rust*." Mr. Markham next proceeded to enquire into the extent of my literary knowledge, and I immediately ran over my well-studied collection of classic authors, speaking with all my natural enthusiasm in praise of those I most admired." "Your store is valuable I find," said Mr. Markham; "but you have still much to learn I find; you must scrape acquaintance with novel-writers and dramatists, at least, you must get all their names and productions by rote." "To what purpose, sir?" I enquired, with the utmost simplicity. "Why to recommend them, certainly," returned Mr. Markham. "Then I suppose it will be necessary to read them?" "You will hardly find time for that," said Mr. Markham, smiling, "even if you had the inclination; but there is not the least occasion for a librarian to do that. When once an author gets a name, the old adage is verified, they may write what stuff they please, it is sure to have a run,

especially if we keep their credit up by making an artificial scarcity." "How do you mean, sir?" "Why, look there," said Markham, pointing to a large case in which was a number of newly bound volumes; "those are just out, and are, for the greater part, by favourite writers. My daughter will give you a private list of them, and when any of them are enquired for, you must say that they are out, but that you expect them in very shortly; and this excuse must be made until you find the enquirer's patience is nearly exhausted.

I absolutely blushed at the thought of such premeditated, and, as I deemed it, unnecessary falsehood. Mr. Markham observed it, and smiled. "We are," he continued, "under the necessity of doing this with certain works which we are obliged to pay a high price for; some readers would think nothing of a novel unless they were obliged to enquire for it a dozen times without success; the report then runs from one to another like wild-fire. 'Have you read Mrs. —'s last novel?' 'No; is it a good thing?' 'Incomparable! you cannot conceive what a run it has, it is never to be had; I have sent for it every day for the last two months, but it is never at home. Markham has promised to save it for me.' 'Dear me! how I should like to read it; I will send all over the town but I will get it.' Thus you see, whether the work has merit or not, public curiosity is excited, and that answers the purpose of author, publisher, and librarian." Novice as I was, I could perceive that there was some reason in this, and had already reconciled myself to those untruths which I found were unavoidable in trade, or at least such of them as were more likely to benefit than injure others. After some conversation on similar subjects, Mr. Markham summoned his family, and introduced me as the young gentleman from Yorkshire, who was henceforward to reside with them. "Mr. Singleton," said he, "has received the advantage of a liberal education, and has been particularly recommended to me by my worthy friend Wilson. He is a young man of good family, and it is my wish, that you pay him all proper at-

tention, as he has no friends in town, and is perfectly unacquainted with those modes of passing his time which other young men enjoy."

"So much the better," said Mrs. Markham, smiling graciously upon me; "and it will be my endeavour to make his situation here as pleasant as possible." I expressed my thanks with animation, and added, that I hoped my awkwardness and ignorance of life would not impose upon her kindness an unpleasant, or troublesome task.

Mr. Markham then conducted me to the shop, and soon initiated me into the regular routine of business; and for the first week, I derived considerable amusement from the variety of characters which chance brought under my observation; grey-headed coxcombs eagerly selected the nonsensical effusions of scribbling school-girls; heroes in regimentals enquired for "Sense and Sensibility," "First Impressions," and every title that had a sentimental sound; young ladies of eighteen unblushingly asked for "The Libertine," "Royal Intrigues," or "Rousseau's Confessions;" and grave gentlemen of the law, relaxed from their more severe studies to peruse "The Barouch Driver," "The Devil in London," or "The Rising Sun." In fact, it seemed to me as if their lists had been accidentally jumbled together, and each was seeking that which was the least consistent with their characters and pursuits.

During my intercourse with the family, I had opportunity of observing, that Mrs. Markham ruled with despotic sway; she was still a fine woman, and not a little vain of her personal attractions, which induced her to indulge her daughters in going abroad to public places rather more frequently than the prudence of some mothers would have allowed. Miss Markham was a genteel looking girl, rather plain in her person, and reserved to strangers; but this reserve originated in self-conceit, for the young lady piqued herself on her literary talents, and passed the greatest portion of her time at her writing-desk. Caroline, the youngest, was about seventeen, and possessed the most attractive face I had ever beheld; but there was a certain

roguish archness in the expression of her beautiful black eyes which appeared too much like boldness to please me, and a sort of hoyden carelessness in her manner that bordered on rudeness. I soon discovered that the rusticity of my appearance excited her ridicule, and I was too desirous of obtaining the good graces of the ladies, to neglect availing myself of the hints which I frequently heard dropped, that dress and address were almost sufficient to promote the advancement of a man in life. My person accordingly underwent a complete alteration; my hair, instead of being combed down smooth over my forehead, was brushed back against the grain in most terrific and fashionable disorder, my cravat was stuffed and elevated at least three inches, and the collar of my shirt allowed to rise on each side of my chin; my corduroys and white cotton stockings were soon discarded for embroidered pantaloons and exquisitely varnished boots; and upon surveying myself in the drawing room mirror, I did not fancy that I looked the worse for the *transmogrification*, as I have heard it called. As soon as I found myself comfortably settled in Mr. Markham's house, I took an early opportunity of writing to my venerable preceptor an account of my kind reception, to which I shortly after received the following answer—

My dear Boy,

I am happy to hear that things answer your expectation, and have no doubt of your doing well, if you preserve your integrity, and attend to the advice of those who are older than yourself. I have not heard any thing of your relations, when I do, you shall be apprised of it. I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the advice I gave you at parting; do not let a vain desire to appear like others lead you into unnecessary expences, but in any real necessity apply to me; I trust, I shall not be without a guinea to spare for you; I do not wish you to debar yourself from any innocent indulgencies; but there are many young men who, when the business of the day is over, plunge into every species of dissipation and folly; frequent coffee-houses and play-

houses, hire gigs on Sundays, and, with some dashing milliner by their side, squander away a week's wages. And what is the consequence? their master's property is at length purloined to cover their own extravagance, and guilt and misery close the scene. But I will not draw such gloomy sketches, for I trust, you have such innate principles of rectitude as will preserve you at the outset from every similar act of folly. So adieu! My best wishes are for your happiness and success.

Your's truly,

L. MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

THE beautiful Gabriella d'Estres, the favourite mistress of this monarch, once importuned him so much to give her a written promise of marriage, that he told her, he would bring her one the next time he visited her. He accordingly wrote one, which he shewed to his minister, Sully, asking him at the same time what he thought of it. Sully, immediately on reading the paper, put it into the fire without a reply. "What!" cried Henry, indignantly, "is it thus that a subject dares to treat his king. Begone!" Poor Sully, thus reminded, for the first time by his beloved master, whom he always considered as the dearest of his friends, of his own inferior condition, left the room with a look of so much sorrow that it instantly softened the generous heart of Henry; he followed Sully, who had just reached the staircase, saying, as he extended his hand, "Sully, we have been friends too long to part in this manner." Scarcely had he uttered these words, when Sully was at his feet. "Rise, rise," cried Henry, hastily snatching him from the ground; "should you be seen in this attitude, they would think that I forgave you." It is impossible not to feel the generosity, the delicacy of this speech.

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,
ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S ———.

(Continued from page 149.)

LETTER X.

I HAVE now, my dear cousin, related to you the most interesting adventures of the twelve celestial deities, and I must proceed to speak of the eight select gods, who, although they were not admitted to the council of the thunderer, have nevertheless a right to be classed with those who were. These deities were Saturn, Bacchus, Janus, Genius, Terra, Sol, Luna, and Pluto. Methinks I hear you at this moment enquire, in a tone of surprise, "To what class then does the God of Love belong?" You will scarcely believe, that mythologists do not class him among the superior gods, although it is well known that he has subjected them all by turns. Imperial Jove himself, whose frown awed the whole universe, vainly attempted to resist the power of Cupid. Permit me then, my dear Charlotte, in the true spirit of authorship, to conceive myself wiser than all my predecessors, and to place Cupid at the head of those select gods, whose history I have not yet given you.

I shall not trouble you with the various conjectures of mythologists as to the parentage of Cupid. Some even go so far as to deny that he is the son of Venus, and to declare, that the god Plenty and the goddess Poverty were his parents. Others are of opinion that he is the son of Venus,

but declare that it never has been ascertained who was his father. There is, however, great reason to suppose, that he owes his birth to the amour of Mars and Venus.

The poets are unanimously of opinion, that there were two Cupids, one, the son of Nox and Erebus, whose poisonous darts entailed shame and misery on all whom they wounded. The other deity, equally powerful and beneficent, inflamed the hearts of his votaries with a pure and sacred flame, productive only of virtuous emotions, and which constituted the happiness of their lives. This god, however, although he possessed all the charms of his reputed mother, passed his life in a state of childhood; his pleasures and his pains were those peculiar to the spring of life, and it was reserved for the beautiful Psyche to awaken at length in his bosom those delightful feelings which he had for ages raised in the hearts of others.

Psyche, the most lovely of mortals, was the daughter of a powerful monarch; she had two sisters, each some years older than herself, who married while she was yet a child. The charms of this young princess would have been admired even in the humblest rank of life; you may suppose then, that, in her elevated situation, they were extolled to the skies. Her father's subjects unanimously declared, that she was more beautiful than Venus; and neglecting the worship of that goddess, they raised altars to Psyche, whom they adored in her stead.

Enraged beyond measure at this affront, Venus vowed the severest vengeance against the innocent Psyche. She mounted her car, and hastened to the dominions of the father of this young beauty, who had the audacity to be more charming than herself; but when she arrived, she was surprised to see grief in every countenance; the temples of the new divinity were hung with black, and her priestesses, with dishevelled hair and frantic gestures, ran about imploring Jupiter to shield the beautiful Psyche from the fate which awaited her. The resentment of Venus evaporated very fast; she even began to pity Psyche. Cu-

rious to know what misfortune had happened to her, she assumed the form of an old woman, and enquired the particulars of it.

"How!" exclaimed the person she addressed, "have you not heard that the oracle has predicted her marriage with an immortal monster? who is alike terrible to gods and men; a monster who introduces strife and unhappiness wherever he comes; but whose perfidy renders it impossible to guard against him. Her wretched parents have this very day, by the command of the oracle, conducted her to the summit of a steep mountain, where they have left her to receive the husband whom the gods have allotted her.

Venus listened to this account with apparent calmness; but it was the calmness of suppressed rage; for in the description of Psyche's husband, she recognized the portrait of her son, Cupid. Remounting her chariot, she hastened with the speed of lightning to Olympus, to seek the assistance of Jupiter in breaking off this marriage so odious to her. Let us leave the goddess to plan schemes of vengeance while we see what became of Psyche.

Alone, upon the summit of the mountain, the innocent maiden supplicated the gods to avert the fate which threatened her. Sleep surprised her ere her prayer was concluded; and Zephyr, by the command of Cupid, carried her to the abode prepared for her. How shall I paint to you her amazement when she awoke, and found herself lying on a couch, in an apartment a thousand times more magnificent than any she had ever inhabited. Starting up, she exclaimed aloud, "Oh! surely I dream!" "No, Psyche," replied a touchingly harmonious voice, "you do not dream; you are in your own palace, surrounded by the slaves of your husband, who delegates his power over them to you. You have only to wish, and your invisible attendants will instantly procure you whatever you desire." My Charlotte will readily suppose that Psyche did not hesitate to profit by this permission. A charming concert, a sumptuous banquet, every thing, in short, which love could

present to beauty awaited her return from the toilet, which was her first wish. After she had regaled herself, her invisible attendants conducted her to a bed-chamber, and, undressing her, left her to repose.

Scarcely was she alone, when the same sweet voice she had heard before, announced, that the husband allotted her by the gods besought a pledge of her faith. Psyche wished to refuse, but it was impossible for her to resist this voice so sweet, so touching; she assented; and Cupid, as a pledge of their union, presented her with the band which he sometimes used to cover his eyes, determining at the same time never, by again wearing it, to deprive himself of the happiness of seeing his adorable Psyche.

Time passed in a succession of pleasures, and every day rendered her unknown husband dearer to Psyche; but the solitude in which she lived began to tire her; she wished beside to see her parents, or at least her sisters, that she might dissipate the grief her family felt for her supposed miserable fate. It was in vain that Cupid besought her to restrain her impatience; she promised to do so, but she wept; and the enamoured god, unable to bear the sight of her tears, ordered Zephyr to transport her sisters to his palace. Psyche received them with the liveliest joy, told them how happy she was, and begged of them to make her parents easy respecting her destiny. "But your husband?" cried they. "Is the most amiable of beings." "How! amiable and a monster?" "He is not a monster." "Oh! how rejoiced we are!" cried the sisters; "but, dear Psyche, present us to him." She replied with some confusion, that he was then absent, and tried in vain to change the subject, they always returned to it. At last, the ingenuous Psyche told them every thing. They made no comments; and soon afterwards, the voice intimated that they must return. Psyche, in taking leave, loaded them with presents; and they quitted her with all the marks of the fondest affection.

The sisters of Psyche had long been tormented with envy of her charms, and now, when they saw the brilliant destiny which those charms had procured her, their malevolence

knew no bounds. I shall not enter into a detail of the arts by which they induced her to transgress the positive command of her husband, who had prohibited her, in the strongest terms, from endeavouring to discover who he was; suffice it to say, that, when the god was buried in repose, the imprudent Psyche, taking a lamp which she had concealed, raised it with a trembling hand to the face of her husband. What was her joy and astonishment when, instead of a hideous monster, she beheld a countenance of celestial beauty! Scarcely could she restrain the exclamation of delight which hovered upon her lips. She attempted gently to draw away the lamp; but a drop fell from it on the bosom of the god, and awaked him. "Ah! wretched Psyche," cried he, in a tone of indignation, "what misery have you brought upon yourself!" As he spoke, he expanded his beautiful wings, and flew from his wretched wife ere she could reply.

The unfortunate Psyche spent the day in tears, and in devising excuses for her fault; need I say to you that it was the most tedious she had ever known. Night came, however, at last; but it did not bring to Psyche her adored husband. Still hope did not quite abandon her; days and even weeks fled before she could bring herself to believe that she had lost him for ever. Convinced at length of her misfortune, the most frightful despair took possession of her mind. "Since then," cried she, in a tone of bitterness, "my crime is so unpardonable in his eyes, let me offer the only expiation I can;" and, taking the band which the god had presented to her, she attempted to fasten it round her delicate throat, in order to put a period to her existence; but an invisible hand prevented her; and, consoled by the hope that Cupid still felt an interest in her destiny, she determined to leave the palace, which, no longer embellished by the presence of Love, appeared in her eyes the abode of despair.

"I will present myself," cried she, "at the temples of all the gods, and solicit to be restored to my husband; surely they will not all be inexorable to my prayers." Alas!

Psyche knew little of the principles which governed the celestial court. Fearful of offending Venus, all the deities declined interfering; and the unfortunate Psyche, rendered desperate by repeated disappointments, took the resolution at last of applying to the goddess herself. You shall hear the result of her application in my next; for the present, *ma belle cousine*,

Adieu!

CLERMONT.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CID.

THE following anecdote will serve to prove the strength of the ruling passion even in death. When Rodrigo di Bivar, so celebrated in Spanish history under the name of the Cid, found himself dying, his most earnest wish was to obtain one more victory over the Moors. He had taken from them the city of Valencia, in which he then was; but he knew, that the moment his decease was known, an army of Moors, who were then besieging it, would endeavour to force it. Rodrigo knew perfectly well that the Spaniards, when deprived of him, would not be able to keep possession of it; but he planned a scheme which would, if successful, enable them to remove their most valuable effects, as well as to gain a signal victory over the Moors. He ordered, that, immediately after his decease, his body should be dressed in armour, and placed upon his horse in such a manner that it could not fall off, that his soldiers should then sally forth with his remains at their head, to deceive the infidels into a belief, that he commanded them in person, and endeavour to cut their way through the Moors. The Spaniards punctually obeyed his last command; they took with them the most valuable part of their property, and attacked the Moors with great impetuosity. The latter were panic-struck at the sight of Rodrigo, whose health they supposed was restored, and retreated in the utmost disorder; thus leaving a clear passage to the Christians.

A MYSTERY DEVELOPED;

OR, THE

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COUNTESS OF CAMBRIA.

(Continued from page 159.)

CHAP. IV.

THE Earl then made a full disclosure of all that had passed between him and Maria; and no sooner had he concluded, than the Duke exclaimed, "She shall be your's."

"My dearest, best friend!" cried the Earl, in a transport of gratitude; "but how, which way will you prevail on her to——"

"Leave all that to me, *mon ami*. If I do not terrify her out of her scruples, say that I have no skill in intrigue."

The Duke kept his word; immediately upon his return to France, he visited Maria, whose residence his agents had previously discovered. The representation which he made to her of the Earl's ill state of health and depression of spirits, induced her to believe that his life was absolutely endangered by her cruelty; and before the Duke quitted her, he drew from her a reluctant consent to become the wife of the Earl, provided the ceremony was solemnized by the ministers of their respective religions.

The Duke acceded unhesitatingly to all the demands of the fair Maria; and, on the instant of his leaving her, dispatched an express to the Earl, containing only these words—

"She is your's."

As it was impossible for the Earl to leave England, his fair mistress hastened her departure from France. She arrived in safety in London; and a few weeks beheld the Earl in possession of his utmost wishes.

I have been particular in narrating this affair, because,

although many years have elapsed since it happened, no true account of it has ever met the public eye. The character of Maria has been universally misunderstood, and her motives misrepresented. Her enemies have declared, that she was urged by avarice and ambition to form a union, the illegality of which she was well convinced of. Her friends, on the other hand, assert, that she was influenced solely by a violent passion for the Earl. Neither of these statements are correct; avarice and ambition have always been strangers to her heart; and love, though powerful, would not have broken down the barriers of honour and prudence, had not her tenderness and her fears been so powerfully wrought upon by the artful Duke d'O—. Persuaded that she would have to answer for the life of a man whom she adored, a life of so much consequence to his country, and indeed to Europe, she sacrificed her scruples to his safety, but she sacrificed her happiness with them. Never did this ill-advised union afford her even a day of unmixed felicity, painfully conscious of the equivocal situation in which it placed her, a situation with which principle and delicacy were at variance; she could not quiet the reproaches, equally novel and painful, of her conscience.

If such were the feelings of Maria in those moments when the Earl seemed to live but for her, think how poignant must have been her sensations, when coldness and indifference took place of that ardent love, for which she had made such sacrifices. Yet, however keen her feelings, and that they were keen all those who knew her excessive sensibility were conscious, no expression of them escaped her. From the moment in which legal measures were resorted to, she made up her mind to the result, and from that hour she saw the Earl only as a friend. From the caprice natural to man, the means which were taken to disunite them, produced on his mind an opposite effect; he felt the ardour of his passion for Maria revive, and he protested vehemently against their separation; but she was firm, and some circumstances occurred at that time which

reconciled the Earl to the loss of her affection, although nothing had power to make him regard her in any other light than that of his most sincere and faithful friend.

These circumstances were the increasing pecuniary embarrassments of the Earl, and an illicit connexion, which he was drawn into by one of the most artful and depraved of women. Lady Delafind, so this modern Circe was named, had been for years distinguished in the annals of gallantry. Though a wife and mother, those sacred ties were no check to her pursuit of licentious pleasures. She managed her amours, however, with so much caution, that although her real character was generally understood, she was received in the first circles without scruple, and such was the guarded propriety of her general manners, that the illustrious Duchess of ———, who was herself a model of that chaste reserve which dignifies all the feminine virtues, received her without scruple.

Little did the Duchess surmise the reason which prompted Lady Delafind to take every opportunity of mingling in his circle, little did she suppose that the assiduous and respectful attendance of her ladyship, sprang from a desire to allure the Earl, who long regarded both her charms and blandishments with indifference. But she was too complete a veteran in intrigue to be easily repulsed, and by a thousand indescribable arts, she led the Earl to believe that her passion for him not only destroyed the tranquillity of her life, but produced the most alarming effects upon her health.

If any of my fair readers are tempted on reading this to accuse the Earl of inordinate vanity, let them pause a moment to consider what he then was, let them recollect, that, besides his splendid talents and eminently handsome person, he was universally acknowledged to be the most accomplished gentleman in Europe, and they will cease to wonder at the credit which he gave to her ladyship's excessive susceptibility.

The pride of the Earl had been so severely wounded by the considerations which had induced Maria to resign him,

that he was oftener than once tempted to reproach her, as Louis XIV. did Madame de la Valiere, for preferring even heaven to him; and when he beheld Lady Delafind sinking, as he believed, under a hopeless passion, his heart was deeply impressed with pity for her, which imperceptibly ripened into a warmer sentiment.

Even at the moment in which this Circe caught her illustrious victim securely in her toils, his heart and his reason revolted from the connexion he was lured into; but such was the art of Lady Delafind, that he found every effort to break it vain. I have already said, that the Earl was the soul of generosity, and her ladyship, whose avarice was almost as inordinate as her thirst of intrigue, drew from him, under various pretences, large sums of money, besides those, which his naturally elegant taste and princely spirit led him to expend in presents for her.

Though his income was large, his expenditure was more than proportioned to it; he found himself, for the third time, deeply involved in debt, which he had no means to pay, and what was of more consequence, he was daily losing ground both in the public estimation, and in the affections of his illustrious relatives, by a continuance of excesses, which they had hoped would have passed away with the first effervescence of his youth, and which they could no longer tolerate now that he had arrived at maturity.

The Earl sought a private interview with his illustrious father, but it terminated very little to the satisfaction of either party. The Earl solemnly and repeatedly professed his purposes of thorough reformation; but the Duke required a pledge of it which he was little disposed to give; he required him to marry. "It is a step," said he, "which you owe to your family and your country; they both require it of you; and on that condition, and that only, your debts shall be paid."

"They require then," said the Earl, indignantly, "a condition to which I will not submit; aware as I am that motives of policy must influence my choice, and that with my hand there is scarcely a chance of my being able to

bestow my heart, I will not, as long as I can avoid it, form a union, from which I cannot rationally expect happiness."

The duke treated this speech as a boyish and romantic effusion equally unsuitable to his son's years and rank. He instanced his own happiness in the marriage state, as a proof that a union of policy may become one of affection; and he repeated to the Earl that he had nothing to expect on any other terms.

They parted mutually displeased; and the Earl, chagrined at his ill success, hastened to acquaint Lady Delafriend with the proposal of the Duke. What was his astonishment to find that she offered no opposition to it. She quickly saw the displeasure which the Earl was too ingenuous to hide, and she adroitly removed it by a well acted display of disinterested tenderness. Bursting into a passionate flood of tears, she lamented, in the most plaintive accents, that she should have lived to see the moment in which she was obliged to prove the strength of her attachment by renouncing its object. "But no matter," continued she, as if endeavouring to suppress her agony; "no matter what becomes of me, if you are happy, and restored to the affections of your family and the public esteem."

The goodness of the Earl's heart made him in this instance an easy dupe to the arts of Lady Delafriend; incapable himself of artifice, he never suspected that she was prompted by the most sordid avarice to a step apparently the most disinterested. She saw clearly that if the Earl did not marry, the pecuniary advantages which she had derived from their connexion must be at an end, and while she made a parade of resigning him, she determined upon taking an early opportunity of renewing their connexion after the ceremony had taken place; nor did she doubt at all of the possibility of doing so, persuaded as she was that the strong hold which she had on the Earl's affections, would render him even more than indifferent to his future bride.

The pressure of his pecuniary affairs obliged the Earl, after an ineffectual struggle, to accept the conditions of-

ferred to him. Once resolved on matrimony, he cared not how much the measure was expedited, and from the number of ladies offered to his choice, he selected the young and beautiful Caroline, the daughter of his father's favourite sister.

Perhaps, in making choice of this illustrious lady, the earl was actuated less by personal than by family considerations; true, her portrait spoke her lovely, and report had gifted her even more lavishly with virtues and graces than with personal charms; but the Earl regarded his marriage as a compulsory measure, and he would have looked with coldness on *Veritas* herself, had she been presented to him as his future bride.

He was, however, hurt and surprised to find that Lady Delafind was one of the train of ladies who were to be sent to attend the noble stranger from her native country to the arms of her expecting husband. Her ladyship had privately made interest with the Duchess for this honour, and her going was settled before the Earl was apprised of it. To express his disapprobation of the measure was impossible without assigning a reason, and to assign the true one, was equally impossible. He saw her depart with regret, though he was then far, very far from suspecting the diabolical motives which had induced her to go.

In effect, from the moment that she learned the name of the intended bride, she had been completely miserable. She was well aware the illustrious mother of the future countess fulfilled, in the most exemplary manner, the duties both of a parent and a wife; it was more than probable that her lovely daughter, whose dispositions were naturally most amiable, would follow the bright example of a mother, who had herself sedulously cultivated her heart and mind. Lady Delafind sickened as she thought of the probability of such a wife's engaging the whole heart of the Earl, and she determined at any risk to take measures for poisoning their nuptial happiness.

Let us turn from the painful and disgusting task of portraying a being so unlike what woman ought to be, and

present to our readers the secret hopes and wishes of a heart the most noble and pure that ever beat in a female bosom. We have already said, that the illustrious Duchess of B——, the mother of Caroline, was the favourite sister of the Duke of——. Strongly attached to her husband, the conduct of the Duchess had been such, as to command equally the love and reverence of his vassals; but she never forgot the claims which her own country and her own family had upon her. The virtues of her brother and his wife, and the perfections of their numerous and lovely family, were her favourite themes, when engaged in conversation with her daughter; but she chiefly delighted to expatiate upon the merits of her eldest nephew, whom she exulted in declaring was every way worthy of the brilliant destiny which awaited him. Caroline heard from a hundred tongues that in personal graces, in elegance and polish, her cousin had no competitor. Can it be wondered at, that, thus circumstanced, the innocent and ingenuous Caroline, should unsuspectingly admit into her bosom a guest fatal to her repose, that she should, without being able exactly to define the nature of her own sensations,

———Sigh, and wish
That heaven had made her such another man.

By degrees, she lost much of that delightful vivacity which had rendered her the life of her father's court. The Duchess saw the alteration with the deepest concern, but was unable to guess at the cause, till the soft confusion of her daughter, the radiant blush which suffused her countenance, and the joy which sparkled in her eyes when she learned that she was to become the bride of her cousin, revealed it; and the transported mother blessed that Providence which had bestowed upon her daughter a destiny not less happy than illustrious.

If the artful Lady Delafind succeeded in deceiving the penetrating and experienced Duchess of——, it cannot be wondered at, that she should be equally successful in

imposing upon the future Countess, every thought of whose innocent heart was soon in her possession. Her jealous rage at finding Caroline already prepossessed in favour of her future husband, is not to be described, and with a malignity worthy of a demon, she laid a plan to convert that affection into a means of poisoning the happiness of their future lives.

(*To be continued.*)

LORD CHATHAM.

WHEN Lord Chatham was Premier, Lord F—— waited upon him to request a favour, which the minister, with some asperity, refused to grant; and Lord F——, in return, threatened to withdraw his votes from government. Lord Chatham, without deigning to reply to him, turned to some one who stood near him, and repeated the following line—

“Optat ephippia bos piger.”

Lord F——, who was not troubled with much knowledge of the Latin language, did not know what he said; but supposing, by his tone of voice, that it was something severe, he demanded what the minister meant by talking to him in that manner. “The observation,” replied Lord Chatham, “is not mine, but Horace’s.” Lord F——, supposing that he meant Horace Walpole, said, in an angry tone, “Oh! very well, if Horace Walpole presumes to take liberties with my name, I shall know how to make him repent of it. He ought to be ashamed of himself to speak of me in such an impertinent way, when he knows very well that his brother, Sir Robert, when he was minister, always treated me with the greatest respect.” It was with much difficulty that the company who heard this curious speech, checked their risibility at his lordship’s truly ludicrous mistake.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR MARCH, 1818.

DOMESTIC.

IN Parliament, a Bill of Indemnity has passed through its different stages in both Houses, in despite of the petitions presented against it, and the general aversion which the public have to the measures taken by the administration during the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; however, that they may remove a part of the odium that has fallen upon them, and not present themselves to their constituents at so unfavourable a season, the Dissolution of Parliament is postponed to an indefinite time, and a grant of one million sterling is to be appropriated to the building of *churches* in the metropolis. This reminds us of Richard (as described by that master of human character and passion, the immortal Shakspeare), who, after the murder of King Henry, and the death of King Edward, to reconcile men's minds, and be chosen to the succession, affected piety, and appeared before the citizens with a *prayer-book* in his hand, and

———seriously employed
With the most learned fathers of the church.

It is thus that bad men often gloss over their crimes by an assumption of piety and virtue which they have not in their hearts. He had a point to gain, and so have they; *he* wished for the crown; and *they*—to retain their places. Meetings continue to be held, and petitions to be presented for a Reform in Parliament, which is admitted on all hands to be necessary, though it is unceasingly opposed by a predominant and hateful oligarchy; and we have almost lost all hopes of its ever being accomplished in the way a patient

and enduring people so ardently desire—BY FAIR MEANS. Supplies have been granted, and the usual routine of business has been gone through, but nothing of striking importance, except that many of the speeches of the members in opposition have been highly eloquent and impressive.

Of private occurrences most likely to interest our readers, we observe, that—The day finally fixed upon for the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Prince of Homberg is the 7th of April. The ceremony will take place at the Queen's Palace. Cards of invitation for the occasion were issued on the 21st inst.

In an article from Cassel, the rumoured alliance between the Duke of Clarence and a Princess of Denmark, and since, a British Heiress, is discredited, as a negotiation is actually affirmed to be on foot for the marriage of his Royal Highness to the third and youngest of the Princesses of Hesse-Cassel, the daughter of the Landgrave Frederick, second brother of the Elector. The Duke of Cambridge will be married early in April at Cassel; and is expected to arrive in this country with his bride before the end of the month.

Prince Leopold is much improved in health by his residence in Dorsetshire.

The cause of the Princess of Wales against the assignees of her late brother the Duke of Brunswick, in the Court of Chancery, has excited much curiosity. It is said, that, in the month of May last, her Royal Highness transmitted two bonds, one in German and one in French, with a request to apply for their liquidation, instead of addressing them to her own regular trustees. There were circumstances attending those bonds which induced the trustees to hesitate as to their discharge. The first affidavit of Count Munster was thought insufficient to authorise the Lord Chancellor to call for the production of the documents. A second affidavit has been now made, but which, from delicacy, was not read on Saturday the 21st inst. in court. We understand, however, that it states the grounds of distrust upon which the Earl of Liverpool and Count Mun-

ster have resisted the payment of the bonds. The circumstances are strong, and which Count Munster would not have stated but for the observations of the court, that the reasons must be assigned for departing from the usual practice. The doubts of the executors seem to be fully warranted by the fact; but if the grounds of the claim should eventually appear to be forgeries, we must of course suppose and presume, that her Royal Highness has been imposed upon by some person, or persons, who might hope to avail themselves of her generosity, in case the claim should be finally admitted.

A manuscript has found its way to this country from St. Helena, entitled, "Observations on Lord Bathurst's Speech in the House of Peers, on the 18th of March, 1817;" written by Bonaparte; in which he complains of the restrictions imposed on him; and the treatment he has experienced; and states, that he has in consequence suffered in his health.

FOREIGN.

The columns of our papers are filled with trifling intelligence from France that is little to be relied on. It is not known when the Army of Occupation will be removed. There are two powerful parties in the senate; and the French are such perfect masters of dissimulation, that they will disguise their sentiments, if not deceive you as to matter of fact, in their public journals. The Duke of Wellington is president of the assembly for deciding the claims of the Allies. A person named Onin has been arrested on suspicion of being the assassin who fired at the Duke on the 11th ult. He fled from Paris the day after the attempt, and cut off his mustachios.—The trial of Mathurin Bruneau, the pretender to the French throne, has at length terminated; and sentence has been pronounced against him as a vagabond and a swindler, with a fine of more than 3,000 francs, seven years' imprisonment, and to be ultimately placed at the disposal of government.

The accounts from South America are contradictory; some of them representing the patriots as increasing in

number, and having been victorious; and others, as having met with a severe reverse. Their situation is desperate; for the royal army spare neither age, nor sex, who fall within their power; but the patriots appear firm and unshaken. The North Americans have no doubt assisted them greatly; and a war between Spain and America is said to be the inevitable consequence.

The tyrant Dey of Algiers has fallen a victim to the plague; but the cruelty noticed in our last Number was not strictly correct.

There is a serious rebellion in India; a numerous force of the Company's troops are dispersed over all the settlements to keep them in subjection; and have routed several parties of the rebel chiefs.

Bernadotte is now Charles John, King of Sweden.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

ON Monday the 8th inst. Miss Smithson appeared at this theatre in the character of Mary, in the Innkeeper's Daughter, and was received with great applause. From the genius she displays in catching the passion of the scene, and the power she exhibits in delineating it, there is reason to believe, that, with more experience, and a perseverance in the study of her profession, so well begun, she will arrive at considerable eminence.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MISS CLARA FISHER was, on Monday the 8th inst. brought out at this theatre, in the pantomine of Harlequin Gulliver. We have before mentioned the exquisite performances of this astonishing little child at the other theatre. Her performance was spirited and fine; and the crook-

backed tyrant in Lilliput was as finished a representation as any the stage affords. In the couch scene, her manner of depicting the remorseless visitings of a stricken conscience, is, perhaps, as fine an effort of body and mind as ever was witnessed. The sisters of this little prodigy, who appeared as Richmond and Catesby, performed their parts in a manner which would have called forth much greater applause, and in effect was much admired; but the unparalleled talent of the Lilliputian Roscius left the audience neither eyes nor ears for any one else.

The popular novel of Rob Roy has been made the subject of a new dramatic piece, and was performed on Thursday night, the 12th inst. It cannot be necessary to detail the plot, the novel having been so universally read; but merely to observe upon the merits of the tale, as it has been dramatized by Mr. Terry, the author of *Guy Mannering*. He has adhered closely to the original. Rob Roy, written in the wild and romantic pathos of the high-born and high-minded Highland character, could have gained nothing by attempting to reduce it to the cold standard of Saxon propriety. There is something in the language of the mountaineer which breathes of the haughty and uncontrolled spirit of liberty; in expressing which, the author of Rob Roy has been, in all his productions, peculiarly successful. Mr. Terry, has therefore, shewn good sense, as well as taste, in preferring, whenever he could, the language of the original to his own. The want of this was regretted, when the fine poems of Lord Byron were dramatized at the other house. Much, however, was left to Mr. Terry; and we must own, that, in the choice of incidents, and the adaptation of the story for representation, he has been very successful. The piece was strongly cast; and the characters admirably performed. Miss Stephens executed some difficult old Scottish airs with very fine taste and effect. Sinclair but ill supplied the place of Braham. The scenery was particularly fine; and the piece was received throughout with every testimony of applause and satisfaction.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR APRIL, 1818.

EVENING DRESS,

AN India muslin frock, the body richly ornamented in front with letting-in-lace laid in a serpentine direction; the back a moderate breadth with a little fullness at the bottom of the waist; the dress is cut very low all round the bust. Short full sleeves; the skirt is of a moderate length, of an easy fullness, and richly ornamented round the bottom with three rows of embroidery, consisting of broad wreaths of leaves; this embroidery, which is in white, is rendered very rich by a mixture of lace in the leaves. The bust is shaded by a blue and white silk handkerchief, tastefully arranged in the French style in a bow, and ends in front of the bust. Head-dress, the college hat, composed of blue satin, the crown is of a moderate height, and formed in the style of a collegian's cap; the front is very small, the crown is trimmed with pipings of satin to correspond, and ornamented with a beautiful plume of drooping blue feathers. Pearl earrings; gloves of white kid; white satin shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

A CAMBRIC muslin round dress, the bottom of the skirt finished by a deep flounce of rich work. Plain high body; the neck and wrists profusely trimmed with work to correspond with the skirt. Over this dress is worn a pelisse composed of sage green satin, and lined with pale pink sarsnet; the body is tight to the shape, made with a standing collar, which partially displays the trimming of the under dress. The sleeve is rather loose. The pelisse is



Fashionable Morning & Evening Dresses for April 1818.

Pub. April 11 1818, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

trimmed down each front with byas pink satin. The collar and bust is richly ornamented in the military style with pink satin braiding. The sleeve is finished at the wrist to correspond. A sage green cord and tassel is worn round the waist.

The head-dress worn with this pelisse is a spring bonnet of fine straw, the crown is of a moderate height, the brim very large, but sloped a little on one side; it is lined with white satin, and the edge of the brim is finished in a very novel style, with rouleaus of pink satin laid on byas; the crown is also decorated with these rouleaus put lengthwise; it is tied under the chin by pink satin strings, and ornamented with a beautiful plume of white feathers, tipped with pink. Gloves and shoes of sage green kid. Ridicule composed of sage green velvet, ornamented with a gold clasp and tassels.

The present month is one which always affords to *marchandes des modes* an opportunity of displaying both their invention and taste; for, in our cold climate, little change can be made in the winter costume, before the commencement of the month of April. Silk pelisses seem likely to be most in favour for walking dress; but spencers of reps silk are likewise in much estimation. The following is a description of one which has been just introduced.

It is composed of bright Clarence blue reps silk, has a plain tight back, and fits the shape exactly in front, where it meets, and fastens on the inside. Plain long sleeve, rather tight, especially at the wrist. The trimming, which goes up the fronts and round the collar, is composed of white satin; it is laid on very full, is about a nail in breadth, and is interspersed with rich cord to correspond with the spencer. This cord is disposed in corkscrew rolls, and has a very pretty effect. The bottom of the long sleeve is finished to correspond. There is a white satin epaulette which has three folds at the edge, each fold finished by a narrow corkscrew edging of green cord; this epaulette is small, and set on towards the back of the sleeve, so as

only to go as far as the tip of the shoulder in front. This is a very elegant spencer, and the trimming is remarkably novel and tasteful.

We have been favoured by another house at the west end of the town with the following descriptions of a morning and a full dress. The first is composed of thick jaconaut muslin; it is an open robe, but wraps considerably to one side, and is called the Cambridge breakfast dress. The skirt is very full, the body is made quite high; it is a *chemisette*, but has very little fullness, and no seam, except on the shoulder. The body is so cut as to come up round the throat, and fall over, so as to form a little collar. The front fastens at the throat, and then wraps over nearly to the left side. The sleeve is long and very loose, it is confined at the wrist by a muslin strap edged with narrow lace, which fastens with a button in front of the arm. The trimming of this dress consists of a broad piece of soft muslin fluted, and finished at each edge with small muslin puffs. This trimming goes entirely round the dress; it is novel, and has a pretty effect.

The full dress is composed of rich figured pale-blue gauze; it is a frock, and worn over a white satin slip. The body is cut low, and finished round the bust by a deep blond lace, caught up in the drapery style by little rosettes of white satin riband. The sleeve is an epaulette composed of two falls of blond done in the same manner as the bosom; the white satin sleeve worn underneath, is short, moderately full, and finished at the bottom by a triple quilling of blond net. The body is quite plain. The skirt is rather full, and elegantly ornamented round the bottom by a broad wreath of stamped white satin leaves; this is surmounted by a deep drapery of blond lace caught up with rosettes, to correspond with the bosom and sleeves, and headed by a rouleau of white and green satin entwined. This is a beautiful dress, its effect is at once tasteful, rich, and elegant.

Turbans, composed of gauze, or white satin, or satin mixed with British net, are at present very generally

adopted by married ladies in full dress. Toques are equally fashionable. A few Turkish turbans have appeared lately at the opera; they are made of silver tissue, and ornamented either with silver sprays, or ostrich feathers. These turbans, however, are only partially adopted; indeed they are a style of head-dress, which in general is far from becoming.

Cambric muslin is now generally adopted for promenade dress, and soft, or book muslin is used for dinner, or for social evening parties. Silks are, however, still in fashion, those of light colours are considered the most genteel; they are usually trimmed with white satin, or with gauze to correspond in colour with the dress. Walking bonnets are composed either of Leghorn, satin, or straw; they are always large. Toque hats, and white satin bonnets with low crowns and large brims, are most in favour for the carriage costume; they are always ornamented with feathers. Wreaths of crocuses, snow-drops, and wild berries, form the favourite ornaments for the hair of young ladies in full dress. Caps continue to be worn, both in half dress and in dishabille. Fashionable colours for the month are sage green, pea green, pearl colour, pale pink, and light Clarence blue.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

SPENCERS are now universally adopted for the promenade; they are composed of silk plush, fancy silk, and velvet; they are broader in the back than last month, quite tight to the shape, and the waist is as short as possible. The collar is generally lined with white satin, it stands out from the neck, and turns over. The sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and comes half way over the hand. These spencers are ornamented with gold, silk, or polished steel buttons, a double row of which descends on each side of the front in a sloping form from the shoulder to the bottom of the waist.

Muslin is now universally adopted for promenade dress; cambric muslin is most in favour. Plain round dresses, the skirts narrow, the bodies made very low, and tight to the shape, are universally adopted for the promenade and for dinner dress. Evening costume consists of crape, or tulle frocks, which are made with short full sleeves in general; the bodies and sleeves are both adorned with pipings of satin fancifully disposed. The skirts are trimmed very high with flounces of tulle, which are headed by corkscrew rolls of satin and tulle entwined. White satin round dresses are also very fashionable; they are generally finished round the bottom of the skirt with a rich embroidery of natural flowers in coloured silk; the bodies are frequently composed of tulle and coloured satin; the back is full; it is of tulle; and formed to the shape by three narrow folds of coloured satin at each side. The front is composed also of tulle; it is very full, and is looped down in the middle of the bust, and on each shoulder, by a narrow band of satin. Short full sleeve of tulle, finished at the bottom by three narrow folds of satin.

Chapeaux for the promenade are now composed of *gros de Naples*, satin, and crape. They are worn very large in the brim, and the crowns quite low. The favourite trimming for those hats is satin riband with velvet spots, or flowers, hyacinths, blue-bells, and narcissus', are the flowers most in estimation; but many ladies have their hats trimmed with crape or riband, but so as to resemble endive. Caps are universally worn under those large bonnets; they are always of the mob kind.

Dress hats are composed either of crape, white satin, or tulle, or else a mixture of satin or tulle with crape; they have low crowns, small turned up brims, and are ornamented with plumes of down feathers. Citron, straw colour, green, and lilac, are the most fashionable colours.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

EDWIN AND ELLA ;

A LEGENDARY BALLAD, FOUNDED ON THE LATTER PART OF A
ROMANTIC STORY, CALLED, "THE RUIN OF THE
HOUSE OF ALBERT."

AND now began the festive ball
With merry harp and sprightly glee,
And gaily thro' the nuptial hall
Rung joyous sounds of revelry.

High o'er the rest, on throne upborne,
Lord Ronald sat with haughty pride,
And near him, lovelier than the morn,
Sat beauty's self, his virgin bride.

Not fresher blooms the summer rose
Than blush'd the red on Ella's cheek,
Her lily neck might shame the snows
That glitter on the Alpine peak.

And yet tho' graceful every mien,
Her eye so bright, her cheek so fair,
'Twas thought a mingling shade was seen
Like sad regret, like wan despair.

But still, as swept the dance along,
She fondly strove to cheer the while ;
She prais'd the lute, she prais'd the song,
Gave nod for nod, and smile for smile.

Loud was the mirth—when ent'ring slow,
A humble minstrel sought the door,
His visage pale with want or woe,
And faint he look'd, forlorn, and poor.

With trembling voice, and downcast head,
He crav'd the honours of a guest ;—
“ Perhaps the sweet-ton'd harp he led
Might vindicate the rude request.”

Lord Ronald saw, and “ Welcome,” cried,
“ Thy presence, minstrel, to our feast.”
Then wav'd his hand—on ev'ry side
The dance, the song, the music ceas'd.

“ Approach thee, pilgrim, void of fear,
And drive thy moody cares away ;
No pensive grief shall linger here,
No sorrow shall be felt to-day.

“ And if indeed thy hand has skill
To charm the heart with magic pow'r,
Obey the mandate of my will,
And fit thy music to the hour.”

Sudden beneath the stranger's brow
Shot the quick glance of wrathful fire ;
But meek he stoop'd with rev'rent bow,
And, kneeling, struck the tuneful lyre.

Yet o'er his form and visage first
His shadowy garb he closer drew,
And oh ! his bosom seem'd to burst,
So heav'd his mantle to the view !

Wild was the strain, as e'er was heard,
Mysterious swell'd each wond'rous note ;
And soon not breath'd a whisp'ring word,
So strange, so sweet, the warblings float !

Now thro' the echoing halls aloft,
With hurried clash the murmurs sweep ;
Now die away so sad and soft,
The very strings might seem to weep.

Ah! what could speak those melting tones,
That ev'ry heart was fain to sigh,
Ah! what could mean those dulcet moans,
That tears had gush'd in ev'ry eye?

The minstrel turn'd—his own were wet—
But list! a deeper strain he flings;
His pallid cheek grows paler yet,
And hark!—the mournful stranger sings—

“ Say was it love that breath'd thy vow,
When from thy arms the youth was riv'n?
Where is thy love, thy promise now?
False, perjur'd woman! tell to heav'n!

“ In Caledonia's distant land,
He rush'd where streaming battle pour'd,
For once, 'twas said that beauty's hand
Should crown the feats of valour's sword.

“ Why was the feat so bravely done,
And why was pluck'd the wreath of fame?
A richer lord had woo'd and won
What humble Edwin fought to claim!”

Loud was the sob, and loud the shriek,
As fell the accents from his tongue,
For frantic Ella heard him speak,
And knew the voice—'twas Edwin sung!

With outstretch'd arms and wilder'd stare,
“ By ev'ry pow'r,” she cried, “ above,
By yon bright azure heav'n I swear
Not false to thee was Ella's love!

“ Lord Ronald woo'd, but Ella sent
A trusty page on swiftest steed,
To tell thee of his rival bent,
And call thee back with breathless speed.

" For oh ! my father's sordid aim
Renounc'd the word he pledged before ;
He bade me curse thy dearer name,
And never, never love thee more.

" The page return'd—he wept, he sigh'd,
And saddest answer told of thee,
That other fair was Edwin's bride,
That Edwin liv'd no more for me ;

" That far from battle's noisy din
With her he dwelt in peaceful vale :
And much he urg'd to prove thy sin—
But ah ! 'twas treachery's guileful tale !

" Oh ! had I thought thy heart as now,
The luckless morn that saw me wed,
That saw me break my early vow,
Had sooner seen me cold and dead !"

Sudden the harp, impetuous flung,
Down sunk with many a clashing sound,
And long the vaulted arches rung,
And pealing echoes round and round.

Where late, in pilgrim garb array'd,
A lowly minstrel seem'd to kneel,
Now all majestic stood display'd
A stately warrior wrapt in steel !

Where spreading late in shadowy fold
The monkish cowl diffus'd its gloom,
Now glitter'd bright in burnish'd gold
A crested helm and nodding plume.

The hand that late had struck the lyre,
And dulcet woke such mystic tone,
Now grasp'd a sword, that gleam'd like fire,
As half the vengeful blade was shown !

" Lord Ronald, hear! the guilt was thine!
Then, dastard baron, prove thy right;
This spot shall drink thy blood or mine:
'Tis Edwin dares thee to the fight!"

Back shrunk the astonish'd earl amaz'd,
While conscious terror blanch'd his cheek;
With quivering lip he stood and gaz'd,
But what he fear'd he might not speak.

" Quick! bring my arms, thou loitering page!"
With deaf'ning shout did Ronald cry,
For terror kindled into rage,
And burning fury proud and high.

Now back the crowded throngs withdrew,
The noisy clamours all were hush'd;
When hark! the signal trumpets blew,
And, closing fierce, the warriors rush'd.

Dire was the conflict, stern and dread,
No pause was there, for rest between;
Wide, wide the crimson torrent spread,
And dubious long the martial scene.

Till Edwin, madd'ning at suspense,
Resistless struck, and struck full well;
With yawning mail and dizzy sense,
The stagg'ring baron reel'd, and fell.

" Then take my life, presumptuous boy!
But mark me—mark my dying word;
The foe thy vengeance would destroy
Is Ella's spouse, is Ella's lord!"

Young Edwin caught the mournful truth;
Remembrance flash'd with horrid beam:—
All pensive lean'd the lovely youth,
As one that sorrows in a dream.

A sick'ning pang his soul deprest,
Forlorn he droop'd in sullen trance ;
Despair had chill'd his manly breast,
Had froze the lightning of his glance.

Solemn the chieftain rous'd at length,
And feebly thus to Ronald spake—
“Proud baron, live!—thy prostrate strength
Shall ward my brand for pity's sake.

“But if indeed thy valour still
Would prompt thy arm to second fight,
Once more I brave thy vaunted skill,
And dare the prowess of thy might!”

Like lion bursting from the net
The furious baron upward sprung;
Again the hostile champions met,
Again their flashing falchions rung.

But Edwin's gallant heart was cold,
His wrath was fled, and quench'd his hate ;
No more he fought with effort bold,
No more he shunn'd impending fate.

Lord Ronald watch'd his heedless foe,
Too well he aim'd the pond'rous stroke,
And loud beneath the ruthless blow
The brittle corselet snapt and broke.

On plung'd the murd'rous steel, nor stopt
Till buried deep, the heartstrings sever—
With mangled bosom, Edwin dropt,
And fainting, dying, dropt for ever!

How shall the muse the sequel tell,
How paint the scene of dire alarms,
As Ella rush'd with frantic yell,
And madly clasp'd him in her arms!

" Oh! stay thee yet, a moment stay,
My life, my love, my Edwin speak!
'Tis Ella bids thee yet delay,
'Tis Ella's tear bedews thy cheek!.

" And art thou deaf to Ella's cries,
And wilt thou leave her thus to rave?
I'll seek thee, Edwin, in the skies,
I'll join thee in the silent grave!"

And, ah! too true the maiden said,
Her falt'ring tongue was all too true;
And gently bow'd her virgin head,
And paler, paler still she grew;

And drooping down like vernal flow'r
When sweeps the whirlwind's savage breath,
Like lily crush'd in stormy hour,
The hapless mourner sunk in death.

STANZAS TO LORENZO.

~~~~~  
Come, Religion! soothing maid!  
And pour a balm into *his* cup;  
Give *him*, in this dark hour, thine aid.

*Monody to the Memory of the Princess  
Charlotte Augusta.*

~~~~~  
THOU, who so late didst strike the lyre
For her, who was our hope and joy,
Hast felt a dearer hope expire,
And mournful thoughts thy soul employ.

Think not a stranger would intrude,
And pierce the heart where feeling dwells;
Deem not my lyre unhallow'd, rude—
The bosom of a brother swells.

Oh! could a humble strain like mine
Sooth thee in solitude and woe,
Then might thy brow of sadness shine—
The verse of sympathy should flow.

It is our lot to see our friends
Depart like shades at opening morn;
But, oh! Religion sweetly sends
A ray of light on sorrow's thorn.

Her aid has cheer'd the fainting soul,
She bids our hearts no longer pine,
She points where hymns of rapture roll;
And be her consolations—thine!

WILLIAM LEWIS.

ON READING

THE LIFE OF THE LATE BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

If aught on earth again may raise a spark
Of that high fire which kindled heroes' veins,
Who, for their native land, stood forth a mark,
For perils and for death, for stripes and chains—
It is to view, in these declining days,
A spirit purified from thirst of power,
Who seeks no honour but his country's praise,
And stands a patriot in her darkest hour—
Who, when oppression thunders o'er the land,
Is firm to vindicate each injur'd right,
And boldly raises his redressing hand,
With Virtue's calmness, and with Freedom's might:
This was the noble task to thee assign'd,
Watson! and this thy fix'd, unbending mind.

J. E. R.

WINDERMERE.

THY tow'ring summit, Rydal Hall,
Is cheerless now and sad to me,
For honour's voice and duty's call
Constrain my lingering steps from thee;
From thee, and all these scenes so dear,
The bonnie banks of Windermere.

Ye rocks and glens that smile around,
Why look ye still so bright and gay,
Why still so sweet the solemn sound
Your murmuring waterfalls convey!
Oh! long shall memory's fondest tear
Bedew the banks of Windermere.

But absent, Mary! from *thy* charms,
What sterner sorrows must be mine;
And, ah! what unconceiv'd alarms,
What boding doubts and terrors thine,
As fancy paints my early bier
Far, far from thee and Windermere.

Oh! if we never more should meet,
Yet—witness heaven!—with changeless truth,
In life or death, my heart shall beat
To thee, and all it lov'd in youth;
For what in all this world so dear
So lov'd as thee and Windermere?

And happier days may yet return,
And tranquil joys and prospects fair;
The kindling torch may cease to burn,
Or war's uncertain chance may spare:
And rapture thus for ever clear
From clouds the vale of Windermere.

But, hark! the trumpet's martial call
Forbids thy loitering lover's stay;
Oh! there are drops that fain would fall,
And force, like thine, resistless way;
But soldiers may not shed the tear—
Farewell to thee and Windermere!

HATT.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have this month been favoured with several poetical contributions, which are only deferred for want of room.

"Sangrado" has our thanks, and will not be neglected.

Astarte will be noticed in our next.

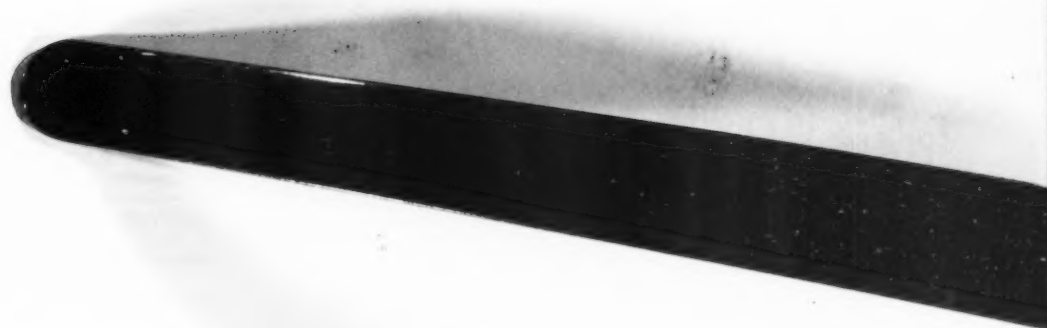
MISS D. P. CAMPBELL.

IT is with much pleasure we have to announce, that a small packet of contributions, delayed by unavoidable circumstances, has at length been received from our correspondent Ora, which shall be commenced, without fail, in our next number.

We trust our readers will excuse us, if we take the liberty of once more calling their attention to the unhappy fortunes of this amiable and interesting sufferer. Her poems have now been published upwards of fifteen months, and though not more than five hundred copies were printed, scarcely half that number are yet disposed of; so that every hope she had indulged, every object she had contemplated, (and her hopes and objects were those of filial piety and the most endearing virtue) remains to this hour without even the prospect of attainment. Were it not for the sacredness attached to private sorrows, we could unfold to our readers such a tale of distress, such a complicated series of afflictions, as would indeed move the most reluctant pity. But we forbear such a recital, because we cannot think there are any who would require it of us, and because we willingly believe that the bare knowledge of so deserving, so excellent a young woman, having to struggle with poverty and sickness, left without protection to the world, and labouring under almost every species of calamity, will, of itself, induce our fair readers to exert themselves yet once more in her behalf, and to use their kindest endeavours in procuring to her Poems that patronage and support, which, for many reasons, they justly merit; but especially for *this*, that they were published with the best of motives, for the best of purposes—the honest maintenance of herself, and the destitute family around her.

Orders for these Poems will be thankfully received at our Publisher's, Messrs. Dean and Munday, Threadneedle Street.

March, 1818.



LY MUSEUM.

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HATT.

ONDENTS.

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PBELL.

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Written
by
L.H. Cove.

THE M
A
With an Accompa

VOCE.

PIANO
FORTE.

Moderato con espress

Castle bell has toll'd, And who at a moment so dark and solate stray

cres

Moderato

dolce

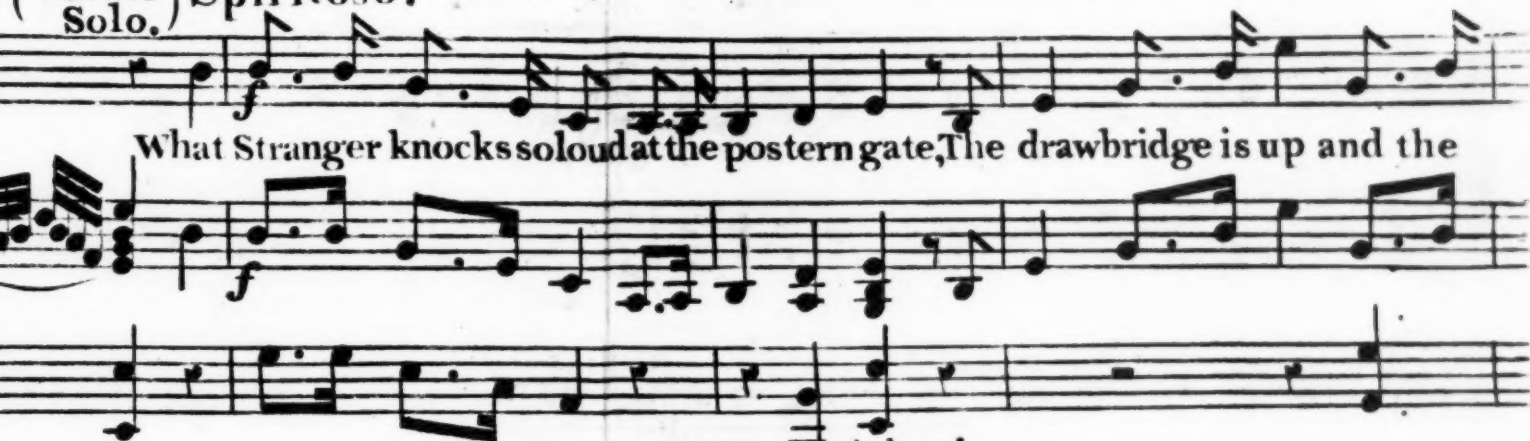
Published by DE

MINSTREL BOY.
DUETT.
Instrument for the HARP or PIANO FORTE.

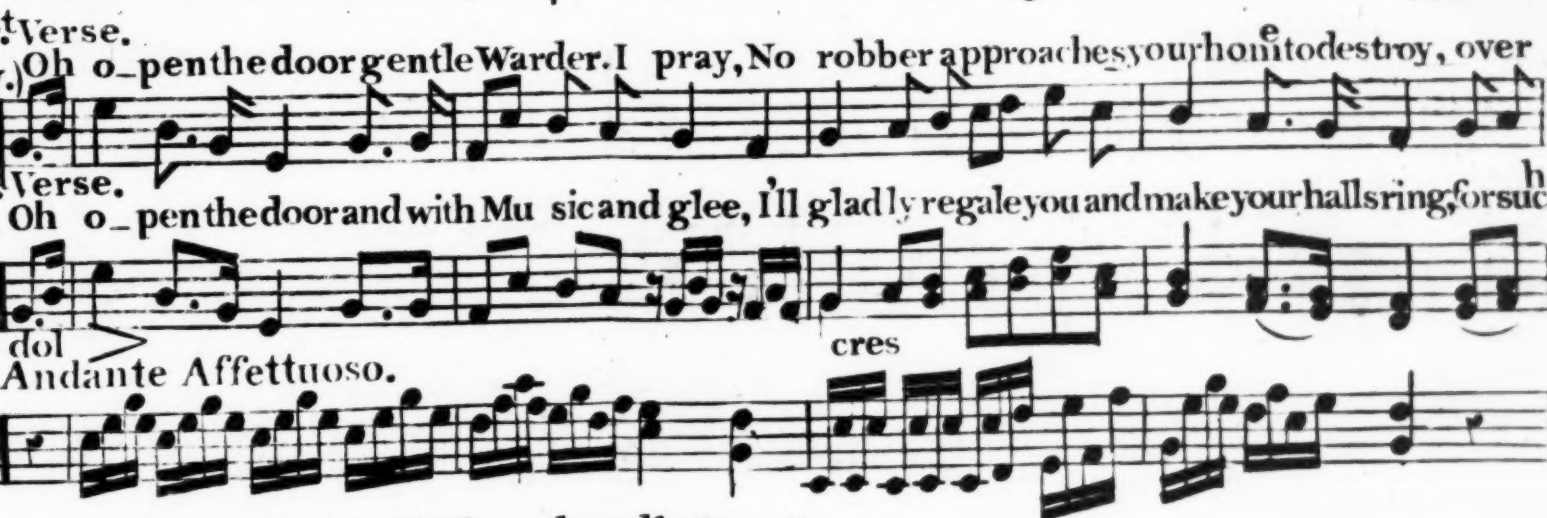
Composed
by
John Oakey.

1

(Warder Solo.) Spiritoso.



Adagio
Minstrel Boy.



HEAN and MUNDAY 35 Threadneedle Street.

mountain and moor I have wander'd all day a little roving little roving

ad lib:

tales I will tell and so hap-py we'll be as cheerily and merrily we do

Con moto

Minstrel

Cold o'er the wild heath the
Warden

Cold o'er the wild heath the

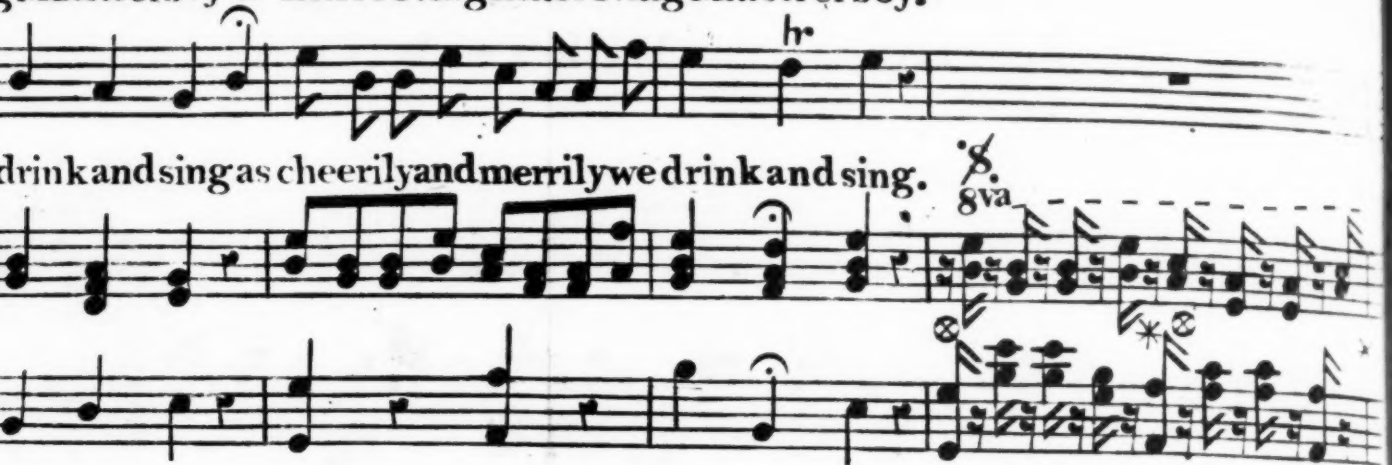
Fine Larghetto con espressi

ad lib:


wine in the Goblett flows the wand'ring Minstrel wand'ring Minstrel

wine in the Goblett flows the wand'ring Minstrel wand'ring Minstrel

g Minstrel boy a little roving little roving Minstrel boy.

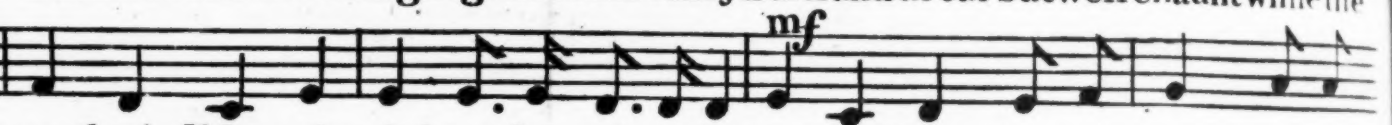


drink and sing as cheerily and merrily we drink and sing.



calando *mf* Allegretto con moto

e north wind blows the night gathers Gloomily Dark and drear but we'll Chaunt while the

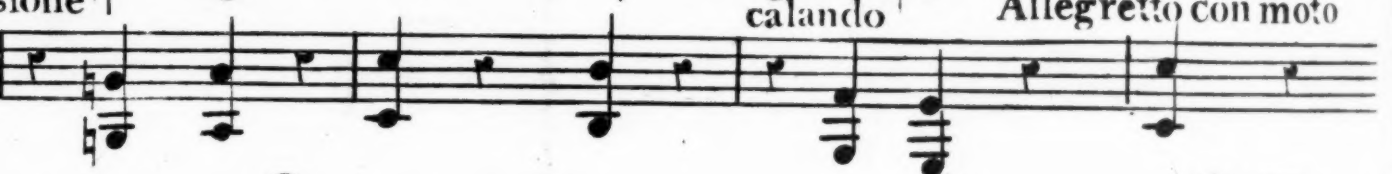


mf Allegretto con moto

e north wind blows then night gathers Gloomily Dark and drear but we'll Chaunt while the



sione *mf* calando Allegretto con moto



Allegretto con moto



ad lib:

welcome here, the wand'ring Minstrels wand'ring Minstrels welcome here.



ad lib:

welcome here, the wand'ring Minstrels wand'ring Minstrels welcome here.



f



f Sym: as before.